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PATENTS

Advice as to patentability and procedure FREE upon request.
Send sketch and description of your invention.
Harry J. Robinson, Attorney at Law and Solicitor of Patents, 304-S Judge Building, Salt Lake City

Discouraging Vagabondage.
The Luxembourg government is treating incorrigible vagabonds to bread and water for the first four days of their imprisonment, and to the lowest scale of ordinary diet twice a week afterward. The prisons are said to be emptying fast.

The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. has just received a letter from J. T. Trowbridge, concerning whose safety so much solicitude was felt, as he had sailed for southern Italy in December. The veteran author is at Hotel Bellevue, Naples, where he expects to stay for some weeks to come. Mr. Trowbridge is in excellent health at 81, and looking forward to the publication of his latest book, "A Pair of Madcaps," which is to come out April 1st. He writes that the only regret connected with his trip is that it occurred at the time of the great disaster, together with the fear that some of his friends in America may have been alarmed.

Hawaiian girls will serve tropical fruit at the Hawaii building during the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition. A large shipment of fruits will be kept in refrigerators during the exposition.

In the January number of the North American Review, Hannis Taylor, in an article entitled "The Solid South a National Calamity," deprecates the fact that by almost exclusive attention to an issue which is purely local the south has deliberately withheld itself from exercising its rightful influence in the determination of national affairs. Dr. Taylor, himself a southern man, urges his fellow southerners to broaden the scope of their political interests, and he sees in the growing importance of Southern industries an influence which will ultimately compel southerners to range themselves with their northern brethren in the attempt to insure wise and sane national policies, irrespective of local prepossessions and prejudices.

Every large manufacturer in the United States will take part in the display of motor boats at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition next summer.

On February 15th Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. will issue a revised and greatly enlarged edition of William Hickox's "Correspondent's Manual." Mr. Hickox, as is well known, has for years conducted a short-hand school in Boston, and has built up a standard book from what he has found to be the actual needs of his students.

Hawaii will have a tropical garden adjoining its building at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition. All kinds of tropical flowers and shade trees will be shown.

Our Helpful Maids.
Louise: "I'm in an awful boat. After I started to bleach my hair, I found I had only enough to do half of it, and Nelson is coming tonight."
Julia: "Never mind, dear. Let him sit on the porch-side."—Harper's Bazar.

Norwegian Industries.
Notwithstanding the great reputation of Norway for fishing, only about 6 1/2 per cent. of the population of that country live by the fisheries. Nearly one-half are supported by agriculture and the forests.

The government of Canada will have one of the largest exhibits buildings on the grounds of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition.

"Steps Along the Path," an important metaphysical book, by Katharine H. Newcomb, the publication of which was unavoidably postponed, will be issued by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., February 15th.

French Proverb.
An ounce of favor goes farther than an ounce of justice.

The fence enclosing the grounds of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition. A will be entirely covered with climbing flowers.

Imperfect Man.
Richter: "Man's great fault is that he has so many small ones."

Cactus Dahlias, the official flower of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition, will bloom in profusion in every residence district of Seattle during the exposition.

First Printed in United States.
The first book printed in the United States was entitled "The Freeman's Oath."

Hawaiian singing boys will give daily concerts in the Hawaii building at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition next summer.

SERIAL STORY

Mr. Barnes, American

By
Archibald Clavering Gunter
A Sequel to
Mr. Barnes of New York

Author of "Mr. Barnes of New York,"
"Mr. Potter of Texas,"
"That Frenchman," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Burton H. Barnes, a wealthy American touring Corsica, rescues the young English lieutenant, Edward Gerard Anstruther, and his Corsican bride, Marina, daughter of the Paolis, from the murderous vendetta, understanding that his reward is to be the hand of the girl he loves. End Anstruther, sister of the English lieutenant. The four fly from Ajaccio to Marseilles on board the French steamer Constantine. The vendetta pursues and as the quartet are about to board the train for London at Marseilles, Marina is handed a mysterious note which causes her to collapse and necessitates a postponement of the journey. Barnes gets part of the mysterious note and receives letters which inform him that he is marked by the vendetta. He employs an American detective and plans to beat the vendetta at their own game. For the purpose of securing the safety of the women Barnes arranges to have Lady Chatteris leave a secluded villa at Nice to which the party is to be taken in a yacht. Suspicion is created that Marina is in league with the Corsicans. A man, believed to be Correggio Danella, is seen passing the house and Marina is thought to have given him a sign. Marina refuses to explain to Barnes which fact adds to his latent suspicions. Barnes' plans for the safety of the party are learned by the Corsicans. The carriage carrying the party to the local landing is followed by two men. One of the horsemen is supposed to be Correggio. They try to murder the American. The cook on the yacht—a Frenchman—is suspected of complicity in the plot. The party anchors at St. Tropez. The cook is followed by a small boat. The cook is detected giving signals to the boat. Barnes attempts to throw him overboard, but is prevented by Marina and End. The cook is found to be innocent of the plot. Lady Chatteris and Barnes and End make arrangements for their marriage. The net tightens about Barnes. He receives a note from La Belle Blackwood, the American adventuress. Barnes hears that Elijah Emory, his detective, has been murdered by the Corsicans. He learns that the man supposed to be the regent, who followed the party on their way to the boat, was Salicetti, a nephew of the count, and that Count Correggio had been in Nice for some time prior to the party's arrival. The count warns Barnes not to marry End unless he would have her marry him. He is the devious feud. Barnes and End are married. Soon after their wedding Barnes' bride disappears. Barnes discovers she has been kidnapped and taken to Corsica.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Plish, while we talk I should be acting! No one but me must go!" remarks Barnes shortly. "They hate you, Anstruther, for being English, as they do your wife. They won't believe that another English officer and not you killed Antonio in that duel. Besides, it is my mission to save my bride, as it is your mission to protect and care for the dear wife in your arms. Don't fear, I will bring End back or—or you won't see me again!"

The splash of oars interrupts him. Barnes strides out of the room and goes hurriedly down to the landing place. "Quick, Graham," he calls, "is that you?"

"Yes," answers the mate, who is stepping from the boat; and he reports he has engaged a lateen-rigged fishing vessel, which, as soon as they have got some provisions and water on board, will be over with its Italian crew, probably in half an hour.

"Then leave every foreigner behind you," directs Barnes. "Pay them to stay on shore. You sail the craft with a few of your Scotch tars. The rest of your men we will leave here to assist Edwin in patrolling these grounds and taking care of his wife, whom you know is threatened also."

"Yes, by the cursed Corsican gang that is pursuing you," says the mate, adding a muttered oath. "I'll stand by you, sir, wi' my life."

As he returns up the walk and enters the house, to go up to the chamber he had occupied, he passes the supper room. Noting that Danella, though he is bending over Lady Chatteris with almost the effusiveness of a lover, has his eyes always upon the attractive Marina, who is in consultation with her husband, Barnes enters. To him, Edwin, springing up, says: "You've procured the craft to follow them?"

"Yes, Graham did that for me," and Barnes hurriedly tells the young English officer the arrangements he has made, adding: "You stay here, old man, and trust me to bring your sister back."

Again Marina, her face full of generous enthusiasm, cries: "Let me go to Corsica. You are a foreigner, dear Mr. Barnes. In my own island I can do what you could not do—they all love me!"

"What! When they've been hunting you like a wild beast and sending you letters that make you faint!" shudders her husband.

"You're quite right, Lieut. Anstruther," returns Danella, "in not permitting your wife to go. One unfortunate, helpless woman in that wild land amid the passions of their barbaric feud is pitiable to think of. To subject another, whose life is already

threatened by the dagger of the vendetta, to a similar risk, would be hideous."

"I do not fear my kindred," answers Marina proudly. "My words, the rustic of my commune will believe. I should go."

"And have them murder you?" shudders her husband. "Never!"

His young wife's only response is a plaintive sigh.

"Again you are right, Monsieur Anstruther. Of course, we know they loved Marina; still they might not believe," observes the count, his ardent eyes resting upon the excited girl, whose very enthusiasm renders her more lovely. "I am now returning to Nice, where Lady Chatteris knows that I am at her command to do anything to aid her in this unfortunate matter. I shall drive out to-morrow. May you have good fortune, Signore Barnes, in your efforts. But remember one thing: In that barbaric island, they want your blood. You can only rescue your wife by risking it, but no suggestion from me is necessary to a brave and determined man!"

Danella would bow himself out, but Marina says eagerly: "Two words in private with you?"

"Certainly," answers the count, and Barnes notes as the beautiful woman whispers to him a look of astonishment enters his mobile face.

After he has answered her, the girl says curtly: "I thank you, Signore."

"You may trust me, Madam," is the count's reply; and courteously kisses the trembling fingers of Anstruther's beautiful wife, his eyes seemingly filled with a new and strange passion.

This is scarce noted by the American, whose misery distracts him.

A few moments later, Burton selects for himself a rough shooting costume that he has fortunately with him.

Then he hurriedly slings a field glass over his shoulder; puts one or two little trinkets, mementoes of his lost love, in his pocket; takes his va-



Jamming the Open Spaces Full of Cartridges.



Jamming the Open Spaces Full of Cartridges.

lie with the articles it happens to contain, jamming all open spaces full of cartridges for his revolver, and brings it downstairs with him.

Marina stands in the hallway with her husband. To Barnes, as he wrings her hand, she whispers: "Remember, a dead man cannot take End from that barbarous home of mine. Therefore, guard your own life."

They step out on the porch. Some moving lights are at the landing place and they hear the swash of sweeps and the cries of the Italian crew as they warp their fishing vessel up to the platform.

"Here I'll go down with you and see you on board and your craft shipshape," remarks Anstruther. "Let me carry that rifle of yours."

"Come!" says Barnes, to whom every minute seems an hour, and hurries down the path; but as Edwin follows, Marina's white arms twine round him close, tight and clinging as if they could not let him go.

"Don't fear for me, you trembling dear," whispers her husband, kissing the excited face. "I'll be back soon." At the landing, Barnes finds he has quite a little to do paying the Italian fishermen to remain on shore as Graham is getting their stores and water properly arranged on the craft. Of this Anstruther now takes charge, but though he works with a will, it is almost half an hour before the young naval officer pronounces the fishing vessel shipshape in case of heavy weather.

Then the young English officer leads the American aside and says, with the craft of a seaman: "Under this present breeze, if those devils you're in pursuit of want to make their island quickly, they'll be compelled to strike its northwest coast somewhere near Porto. Graham will know how to steer the course. I'd go with you, but—"

"But your first duty is here to protect your wife."

"You think these devils haven't all gone away; that there is still danger for her?"

"Yes, keep a sharp eye on your loved one. That was my error," moans Burton. "I left End out of my sight for only a few minutes."

"Then good-by," says the sailor hurriedly, and wringing Barnes' hand, strides up the path to Lady Chatteris' villa.

Then Burton stepping on board the fishing lugger, which is big enough to make the run to Corsica, they would immediately throw off their moorings to the little landing stage, but the Italian padrone of the craft, noting Barnes' haste seems great and his need extreme, steps up and demands additional recompense from the American mildred for his vessel, declaring he will not let her go until he has

more money; that his ship may be wrecked at sea and he has no insurance.

"Pay him!" mutters Barnes impatiently, and hands his pocketbook to Graham.

But payment takes some time, the light of the lantern not being very good and the Italian inspecting every bill to see its value and again greedily imploring for more money, stating that his men will desert him if he gives them not speedy employment.

"Give him what he asks," cries Burton again; then pauses and mutters: "Good God!" and springs on shore!

For a shout has rung out through the night air from Lady Chatteris' villa and there is terror in it, and he knows it is the voice of the stout-nerved Anstruther, who would not give cry unless some sudden and uncanny despair had come upon him.

The American rushes up the path and a few steps from the door almost runs against Edwin. In the darkness the frenzied men seize each other, for Anstruther is now as frantic as himself. Recognizing him, Barnes asks: "What's the matter?"

"By heaven! Another blow in the dark! My wife has gone also!"

"Marina? Impossible! You have looked the grounds over? You have searched the house?"

"Here's a note from her, left in her chamber, begging me to forgive her, saying it is to save my life."

"My God, what horrible plot is it that has bereft us both in a moment?" asks Barnes. "If she had only told you the contents of that devilish letter."

The two are in the hall together, in their anguish, their voices ring out loudly. A frightened-eyed, short-skirted creature runs to them, and tremblingly asks: "Did you want Marina's knock-out letter very much, Barnesy? The last part of it?"

"It was perhaps End's life, perhaps the life of Edwin's bride."

"Well, then, I—I—oh, forgive me! I lied to you. I've got the letter—the last part of it; I was going to sell it to you for marrows glaces—I'll get it for you. It is tucked in my lucky stocking for fear I'll see it. It said something about murder! I'll—oh, don't look at me so awful!"

Maud flies upstairs and a moment later dashes back bringing the portion of the epistle.

As they try to decipher its cramped foreign hand, Lady Chatteris, coming out wildly from her chamber, for now she fears she will be abducted herself, and is half crazy with fright, suddenly, looking over their shoulders, cries, half shrieking: "Oh, heavens, Cipriano's writing!"

"You are sure?"

"I fear, I fear! I've got three love notes from him—this looks quite like his hand."

And the astounded and dismayed widow wrings her hands, her face pallid with jealous chagrin.

"This is the most crafty, subtle and satanic plot against your married happiness, Edwin," whispers Barnes. "As near as I can make out, this devilish missive says that Marina must desert you, her accursed English husband; then they will spare your life. If she remains with you, your fate will be hers. Your safety from death is offered as a bribe to your young wife if she deserts your bed and leaves herself open to the stillities of these devils. If she stays with you and clings to you, you will be assassinated, even in her arms."

"Then the wife of my heart has left me fearing as the attack upon my sister's liberty has been successful their efforts against my life will be equally so," shudders Edwin; next cries out almost angrily: "She was mad not to trust me."

"Marina knew you wouldn't let her go if she did," suggests Burton more calmly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Berlin's Woman Chauffeur.

Berlin's woman chauffeur is making—as she always intended to do—a very good livelihood. Clad in a simple but becoming coat and skirt of serviceable material, Frau von Papp drives one of the Bedag company's electro droschkes with consummate skill. She is not, however, at the beck and call of the general public, but is in the employment of the Kaiserhof hotel, and drives its visitors alone. The woman's story is interesting. Her husband—an apparently well-to-do lawyer—died, leaving her and three young children penniless. Frau von Papp always had a fondness for automobiling, and quickly decided upon her profession. Having satisfied the police authorities as to her capabilities, she obtained her present post and is keeping herself and family in comfort.

Not Too Simple.

John Simple, 14 years old, of Dadsden, Ala., is not as simple as you might think from his name. He saw a fellow hanging around the barn and acting in a suspicious manner, and set a big bear trap where he thought it would do the most good; and then got up next morning to find that he had bagged his game. The man had entered the barn to steal one of the horses, but put his foot into it instead. He turned out to be a noted thief, for whom a reward of \$500 had been offered, and John Simple is going to get the money. It's not what a boy is named, but what he does, that counts.

To the Home-Maker.

To build up the power of our homes, for beauty, for companionship, for intelligence, for charity, for a constant acknowledgment and furtherance of the rights of others, is to build up a power greater, perhaps, than we ourselves shall ever realize. And its with-in the reach of every home, whether it's a big or a very little one.—Harper's Bazar.



AVERAGE FARM DAIRY.

The Amount of Feed Which Will Be Required.

What shall the average farmer in the northwest do, in Minnesota, for example, with an average herd of cows in both number and quality, relative to feed supplies? Assuming that this average farmer has only a half dozen milk cows, shall he build a silo and grow silage corn or provide other roughage? This question was a feature at last winter's meeting of the Minnesota State Dairymen's association. It was handled by A. D. Wilson, who rather leaned toward improving the farm with clover, etc., rather than growing silage corn. His remarks were applicable solely to the small herd of cows rather than the well established dairy herd. Mr. Wilson placed the emphasis in handling the ordinary dairy herd on the farm on making a profit from the farm as a whole, instead of from the milk cows simply; otherwise there may be disappointment in the final outcome at the end of the year. He believes there is very little net profit in the average crop of wheat alone, and felt much the same way about the average dairy herd made up, perhaps, of cows of indifferent quality.

"The farmers of Minnesota must get down to the idea of net profit on the farm as a whole," said Mr. Wilson. "Look out for real business management just as surely as the city merchant does in considering his investments. We must grow grass crops and clover in order to keep up the productivity of the soil." On a farm of 160 acres, 40 acres of grass and clover should be grown each year. He believes that farmers can more profitably use such good hay as we grow, or can wisely use roughage, such as fodder corn, roots, millets, etc. Depend largely upon hay and a few roots, the latter for succulence, rather than silage corn. For the average Minnesota farm, with a few cows, this question of silage means a considerable tax in the way of a structure, etc. Mr. Wilson believes enough roots can be grown on one-half to one acre to adequately supplement the hay. It is more expensive to supply silage, he says, for the small herd of cattle than for the large herd, where, of course, conditions may materially differ. In the large dairy herd the farmer can wisely put up more silage and use more of it the larger the number of cows kept, also a larger amount of manure, and thus avoid the growing of so much clover, as is necessary on the average farm with a few cows. He recommended as root crops mangels, rutabagas and stock carrots.

STARTING A DAIRY.

As to the Handling and Breeding of Pure Bred Stock.

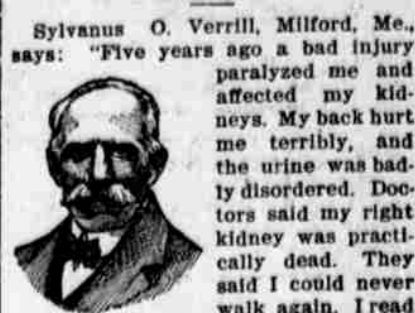
The selection of the young females to maintain and increase the herd requires careful consideration on the part of the breeder. If the herd is a pure-bred one, the sire being the same strain, and very much like the females, the offspring will be fairly uniform and the calves from the best producers can be selected unless they show some physical weakness or other reason for not being taken into the herd. When the herd is to be composed of grade animals the sire should be pure-bred, and if possible the selection of the females to maintain the herd should be tested, and the selection made of their individual merits. When it is necessary to select the females before they can be tested they should be from dams that respond the quickest to the changed environment of the herd. If a number of cows are placed in better environment the calves should be selected from the cows that show the greatest increase because of the better conditions. The bull will be likely to be most prepotent over the females which respond the most readily to changed environment. The most improvement can be expected in the first generation, as there are likely to be many reversions in the second generation, some being much better than their dams and some much poorer. By this time the offspring of the best producing females can be selected for the herd, as a line of breeding will have been established. If the bull produces offspring that are uniform, strong and vigorous, he can be safely bred to his own daughters, as inbreeding is the greatest factor in preventing reversions, but if another bull must be procured he should be related to the old one and resemble him as much as possible.

Use of Brains.

No industry, agricultural particularly, can develop and prosper except in proportion to the increasing intelligence of those engaged in it. So dairymen will develop only as a higher degree of efficiency is attained in selecting and breeding the cow and in feeding and taking care of her.

ONE KIDNEY GONE

But Cured After Doctors Said There Was No Hope.



Sylvanus O. Verrill, Milford, Me., says: "Five years ago a bad injury paralyzed me and affected my kidneys. My back hurt me terribly, and the urine was badly disordered. Doctors said my right kidney was practically dead. They said I could never walk again. I read of Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. One box made me stronger and freer from pain. I kept on using them and in three months was able to get out on crutches, and the kidneys were acting better. I improved rapidly, discarded the crutches and to the wonder of my friends was soon completely cured."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Not Included.

After the dry goods salesman had completed his business with Cyrus Craig, Centerville's storekeeper, he asked what was going on in the town. "Had any entertainments this winter?" he inquired.

"No," said Mr. Craig, "not one. Salome Howe's pupils have given two concerts, piano and organ, and the principal of the 'cademy has lectured twice, once on 'Our National Forests' and once on 'Stones As I Know Them'; but as far as entertainments are concerned, Centerville hasn't got round to 'em yet.'—Youth's Companion.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

as local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, it causes a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when the entire system is diseased, and the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular free.

Sold by Druggists. The Little Family Pills for constipation.

Why It's a Homely Beast.

Augustus Thomas, the playwright, told in a recent speech of a hunting trip they had taken in the south. They were after coons and possums, but the only trail the dogs struck was one which made them put their tails between their legs and turn for home.

"Just what does a polecat look like?" Mr. Thomas asked one of his negro guides.

"A polecat, boss? Why, a polecat's somethin' like a kitten, only prettier. Yes, a polecat's a heap prettier'n a kitten, ain't it, Sam?" he said turning to another negro for corroboration.

Sam did not seem so sure. He hesitated a moment.

"Well," he replied, scratching his wool, "it's always been mah contention dat handsome is as handsome does."—Atlanta Journal.

Not Afraid of a Ghost.

In a village in England, a month or so ago, a man came running into an inn at nine o'clock at night and cried out that there was a ghost in his back yard. There were 14 men in the inn, and not one of them dared to go home with the man and investigate. There was a person who dared, however, and that was the landlord's daughter, a girl of 14. Some of the men followed her at a distance, and she went into the yard and up to the ghost flapping its arms about, and discovered—what? That it was no more nor less than a man's white shirt flapping on the clothes line in a strong breeze. That's about the way all ghosts turn out.

But Soon.

"Come, don't be foolish," said the pretty young wife, "he's merely an old flame of mine."

"Indeed!" cried her aged but rich husband. "I'll warrant you dream of his tender advances yet."

"No," she replied, with a faraway look, "not yet."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

NO MEDICINE

But a Change of Food Gave Relief.

Many persons are learning that drugs are not the thing to rebuild worn out nerves, but proper food is required.

There is a certain element in the cereals, wheat, barley, etc., which is grown there by nature for food to brain and nerve tissue. This is the phosphate of potash, of which Grape-Nuts food contains a large proportion.

In making this food all the food elements in the two cereals, wheat and barley, are retained. That is why so many heretofore nervous and run down people find in Grape-Nuts a true nerve and brain food.

"I can say that Grape-Nuts food has done much for me as a nerve renewer," writes a Wis. bride.

"A few years ago, before my marriage, I was a bookkeeper in a large firm. I became so nervous toward the end of each week that it seemed I must give up my position, which I could not afford to do."

"Mother purchased some Grape-Nuts and we found it not only delicious but I noticed from day to day that I was improving until I finally realized I was not nervous any more."

"I have recommended it to friends as a brain and nerve food, never having found its equal. I owe much to Grape-Nuts as it saved me from a nervous collapse, and enabled me to retain my position."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.